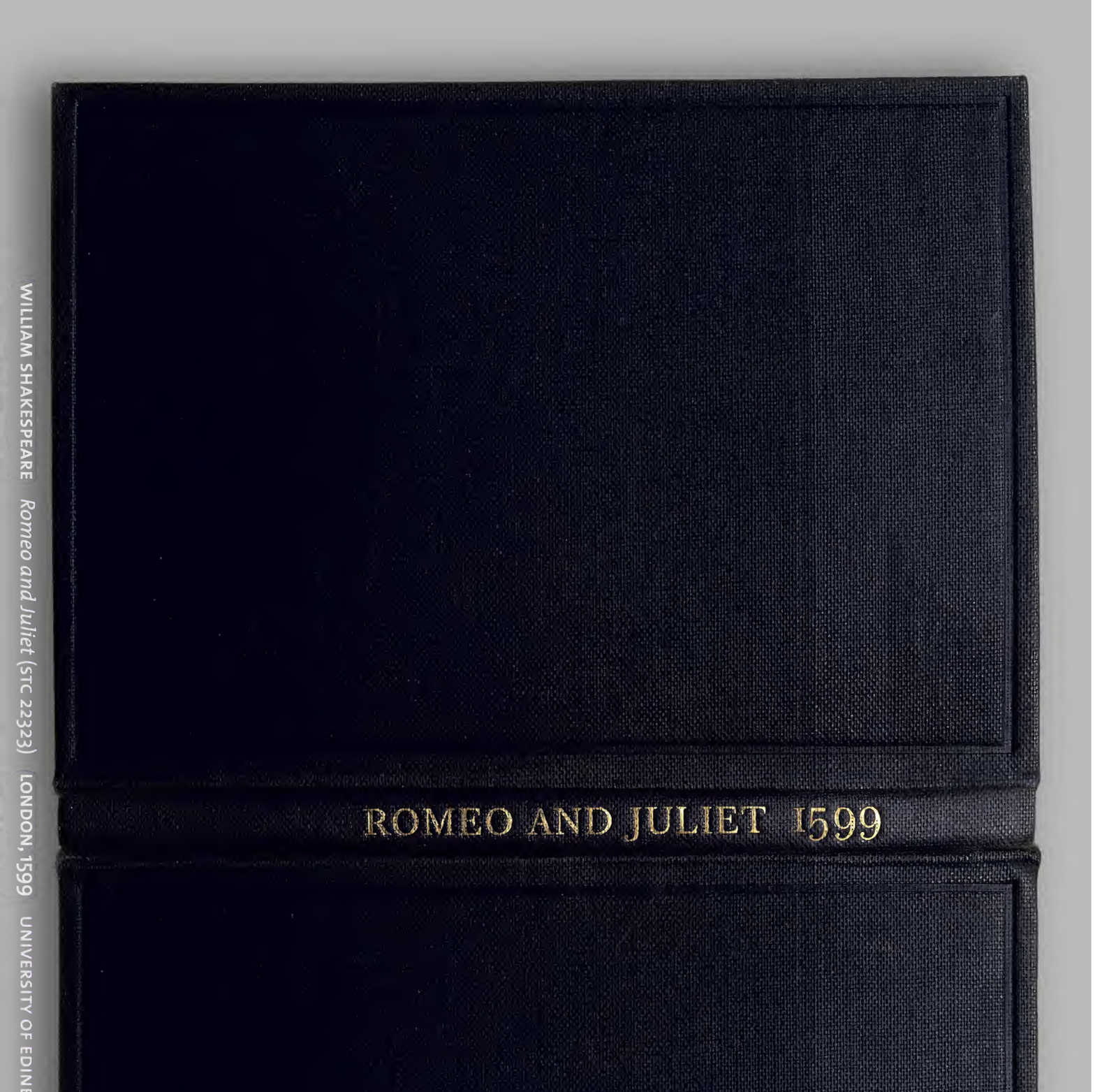

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN

De. 3. 73*.

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SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS

in collotype facsimile

No. 6

Romeo and Juliet

Second Quarto, 1599

71999

Romeo and Juliet

Second Quarto, 1599

SHAKESPEARE QUARTO FACSIMILES
No. 6

LONDON
THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION
&
SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, LIMITED
1949

First Published in 1949

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Made in Great Britain

No original entrance of *Romeo and Juliet* has been found in the Stationers' Register. A 'Bad Quarto' appeared as 'Printed by Iohn Danter' with the date 1597. Two years later it was superseded by the 'Good Quarto' 'Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby' here reproduced. This contains a greatly superior text, which was reprinted almost without alteration in the Folio. It shows textual tangles and duplications that suggest that it was based on Shakespeare's autograph before this had been everywhere reduced to final shape. At the same time certain bibliographical links (the most noticeable being the use of italic in some of the early speeches of the Nurse) point to occasional dependence on the earlier Quarto.

Of the Second Quarto thirteen copies are known: viz. British Museum (C. 12. g. 18: George III), Bodleian Library (Malone), Edinburgh University (Drummond), Gorhambury (now on deposit at the Bodleian); Library of Congress (Locker Lampson: imperfect), Folger Shakespeare Library (Kemble-Devonshire), ditto (Gott), ditto (Steevens-Warwick: wants title), ditto (Jennens-Howe: imperfect), Harvard College Library (Perkins-White), Huntington Library (Bridgewater), Elizabethan Club, Yale University (Steevens-Roxburghe-Daniel-Huth), A. S. W. Rosenbach (Holford). The present facsimile has been made from the copy in the Library of the University of Edinburgh by permission of the Library Committee and the courtesy of the Librarian, Dr. L. W. Sharp.

As usual the standard act and scene divisions have been indicated in the margin together with the line numbers of the Globe edition (1891). Modern editions naturally follow the Second Quarto pretty closely, so that the numbering generally corresponds except in prose passages and some verse passages originally printed as prose (chiefly the Queen Mab speech and the early

speeches of the Nurse). Each line number has been placed opposite that line of the Quarto that contains the last word (or portion of a word or corresponding word) of the line so counted in the Globe edition, provided that the word is not 'turned over and tucked in'. The absence from the Quarto of a few lines (supplied by editors from the earlier edition) is indicated by numbering adjacent lines: those lines (mainly repetitions) that appear in the Quarto but not in the Globe text are distinguished by a plus sign.*

The Edinburgh University copy, here reproduced, is a very fine one and for the most part remarkably clear. It belonged to William Drummond, laird of Hawthornden, and bears his autograph name on the title. (The 'M' stands for 'Magister', a style he habitually used after his graduation in 1605.) The inscription 'WIL. Sha.' is also probably in his hand. There are several press-marks, which are rather unsightly but do not appreciably interfere with the letterpress. Almost certainly by Drummond is the overscoring (especially prominent in the earlier pages) of notable passages in the text. (Drummond mentions having read *Romeo and Juliet* in 1606.) It was carelessly done and often runs through some of the words, but fortunately the ink was thin and seldom if ever interferes with the legibility of the print. A tear in sig. M2 has damaged the ornament, but it only just shows in the facsimile. It is to be regretted, however, that at the foot of sig. L3 verso something went wrong with the impression of the type, and several lines (V. iii. 144-8) are obscure. They should read:

> *Romeo*, oh pale! who elſe, what *Paris* too?
> And ſteept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
> Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
> The Lady ſtirres.
> *Iuli.* O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?

On sig. M1 recto, in V. iii. 225 the word 'make' appears to be damaged, and in the next line the 'm' appears to have dropped out of 'impeach'.

W. W. GREG

* There are two errors of numbering in the Globe text. III. v. 64-5 should have been counted as one line, not two (this has necessarily been retained since it affects the numbering to the end of the scene), and IV. iv. 22 is misnumbered 21 (this has been disregarded since it is the last numbered line of the scene). In both instances the numbering in the Cambridge edition is correct. On the other hand the Globe is perhaps correct (as against the Cambridge) in making V. iii. 167-8 two lines rather than one.

A A A. f. 17 DRUMMOND No 1

THE MOST EX-

cellent and lamentable

Tragedie, of Romeo

and *Iuliet*.

WIL. Sha.

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

EX BIBL. UNIV. EDINBURGENSIS

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exchange.
1599.

EX BIBL. UNIV.
EDINBURGEN.

The Prologue.

Corus.

Two houſholds both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers, take their life:
whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearfull paſſage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage:
which but their childrens end nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
what heare ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtriue to mend.

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THE MOST EX-
cellent and lamentable
Tragedie, of *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the houſe of* Capulet. I.i

Samp. *Gregorie*, on my word weele not carrie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.
Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.
Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moues me.
Grego. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore if thou art moued thou runſt away.
Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.
Grego. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker veſſels are euer thruſt to the wall: therfore I wil puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.
Greg. The quarell is betweene our maiſters, and vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

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Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it ſenſe that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of fleſh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fiſh, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other ſeruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the law of our ſides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I paſſe by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs ſir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. Is the law of our ſide if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No ſir, I do not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Greg. Do you quarell ſir?

Abra. Quarell ſir, no ſir.

Sā. But if you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maiſters kinſmen.

Sam. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy waſhing blowe. *They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your ſwords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among theſe hartleſſe hindes?
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy ſword,
or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partyſons.

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partiſons, ſtrike, beate them downe,
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his wife.*

Capu. What noyſe is this? giue me my long ſword hoe.

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come,
And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his wife.*

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foote to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtayned ſteele,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beaſts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines:
On paine of torture from thoſe bloudie hands,
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the ſentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens,
Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,

Your

Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mounta. Who set this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'de,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swoong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne:
While we were enterchaunging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Benuo. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this Citie side:
So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be
Being one too many by my wearie selfe, (found:
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin seene,

With

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes, more clowdes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauie sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.
Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the cause?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But he is owne affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beawtie to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.
Moun. I would thou wert so happie by thy stay,
To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin.
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new strooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres?

Rom. Noe

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Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes the ſhort.
Ben. In loue.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tirannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes, ſee pathwaies to his will:
Where ſhall we dine? ô me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneſſe, ſerious vanitie,
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good hart at what?
Benu. At thy good harts oppreſſion.
Romeo. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſſion:
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preaſt,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe, too too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purgd, a fire ſparkling in louers eies,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe? a madneſſe, moſt diſcreete,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweete:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will go along:
And if you leaue me ſo, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe, who is that you loue?
Ro. What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but ſadly tell me who?
Ro. A ſicke man in ſadneſſe makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymde ſo neare, when I ſuppoſde you lou'd.
Ro. A right good mark man, and ſhees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is ſooneſt hit.
Romeo. Well in that hit you miſſe, ſheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong prooſe of chaſtitie well armd,
From loues weak childiſh bow ſhe liues vncharmd.
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of aſſailing eies.
Nor ope her lap to ſainct ſeducing gold,
O ſhe is rich, in bewtie onely poore,
That when ſhe dies, with bewtie dies her ſtore.
Ben. Thē ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe wil ſtil liue chaſte?
Ro. She hath, and in that ſparing, make huge waſte:
For bewtie ſterv'd with her ſeueritie,
Cuts bewtie off from all poſteritie.
She is too faire, too wiſe, wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me diſpaire:
Shee hath forſworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Ro. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,
Examine other bewties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquiſit) in queſtion more,
Theſe happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget

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The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her bewtie serue but as a note,
Where I may reade who past that passing faire:
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?
Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a straunger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Pari. Younger then she, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too soone marde are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
My will to her consent, is but a part.
And shee agreed, within her scope of choise
Lyes my consent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold, an old accustomd feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest:
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earthtreading starres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,
When well appareld Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see: And

And like her most, whose merit most shall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come go with me, go sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.
Exit.

Serv. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his last, the fisher with his pensill, & the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
One paine is lesned by an others anguish,
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyson of the old will dye.
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merrie.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

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He readeth the Letter.

Signeur Martino, *& his wife and daughters: Countie* Anselme *and his bewtious sisters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces*: Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine Uncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Cosen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Hellena.

A faire assemblie, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:
And these who often drownde, could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One faire then my loue, the all seeing Sun,
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue against some other maide:
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Ro. Ile go along no such sight to be showne,

But

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid, Wheres this Girle? what* Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talk in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pretie age.

Nurse. *Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.*

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene. How long is it now to* Lammas-tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. *Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteen.* Susan *and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well* Susan *is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said, on* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doo beare a braine. But as I said, when it did taste the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretie foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand hylone, nay byth roode she could haue run and wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his*

his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, dost thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a iest shall come about: I warrant, and I should liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretie foole it stinted, and said I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It stinted, and said I.*

Iuli. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your dispositions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teate.*

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. Verona's Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast,
Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And

And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And see how one an other lends content:
And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie
That in gold claspes locks in the golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

Ser. Madam the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, and euerie thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie staies.

Nur. Go gyrle, seeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

I.iv.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or sixe other Maskers, torchbearers.*

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

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Being but heauie I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gētle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them aboue a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To sore with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I sincke.
Horatio. And to sink in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boystrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
Benu. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceleſſe rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunsire phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dum.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables own word:
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.
Ro. Nay thats not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our iudgement sits,

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Ro. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Ro. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Ro. In bed asleep while they do dream things true.
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you:
She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger then an Agot stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little ottamie-ouer mens noses as they he asleep: her waggō spokes made of lōg spinners legs: the couer, of the wings of Grathoppers, her traces of the smallest spider web, her collors of the moonshines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat, not half so big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hasel nut, Made by the Ioyner squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers: and in this state she gallops night by night, throgh louers brains, and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies strait ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who strait one kisses dream, which ott the angrie Mab with blisters plagues, becauſe their breath with sweete meates tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he of smelling out a sute: and sometime comes she with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Persons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a souldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates, of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he starts and wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a praier or two, & sleeps againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That presses them and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie:
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dewe dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute, on lustie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher?
1. When good manners shall he all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, saue me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and
Nell, Anthonie and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy

2. I boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my mistesses, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, she that makes daintie,
She Ile swear hath Corns: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Musitions play.

Musick playes and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dauncing dayes:
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucientio*:
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder sir:
His sonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His sonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

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Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.
Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night:
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shines:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forsweare it sight,
For I ne're saw true beautie till this night.
Tibal. This by his voyce, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slaue
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,
To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.
Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storme
Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you so
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

Ile

Ile not endure him.
Capu. He shall be endured.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the master here or you? go too.
Youle not endure him, god shall mend my soule,
Youle make a mutinie among my guests:
You will set cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Ti. Why Vncle, tis a shame.
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcie boy, ist so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you I know what,
You must contrarie me, marrie tis time,
Well said my hearts, you are a princox, go,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bittrest gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing Pylgrims did readie stand,
To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.
Iu. Good Pilgrim you do wrõg your hãd too much
Which mannerly deuocion showes in this,
For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do touch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in praire.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.
Iu. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers sake.
Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purgd.
Iu. Thẽ haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, ô trespas swectly vrgd:

Giue

Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuls. Youe kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Ro. What is her mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.
Ro. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away begon, the ſport is at the beſt.
Ro. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?
Nurſ. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.
Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dãce?
Nur. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſ. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
Iuli. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſ. Whats tis? whats tis

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danſt withall.
One cals within Iuliet.
Nurſ. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* match, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppoſd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweete bait from fearful hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breathe ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme ſweete.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Coſen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
Mer. He is wiſe, and on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall,
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madman, paſſion louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but on rime and I am ſatisfied:
Cry but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind ſonne and her,

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Young *Abraham*: *Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him.
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire & honest, in his mistres name,
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
To be consorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and best beits the darke.
Mar. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that she were, ô that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare:
Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?
Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*
Ro. He iests at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with greefe,

That thou her maide art far more faire then she:
Be not her maide since she is enuious,
Her vestall liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that she knew she wer,
She speakes, yet she saies nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines to entreate her eyes,
To twinckle in their spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheek wold shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iu. Ay me.
Ro. She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sayles vpon the bosome of the ayre.
Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Ro. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?
Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enemie:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,

Nor arme nor face, ô be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
Whats in a name that which we call a roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.
Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſchreend in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?
Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare ſaint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague?*
Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee diſlike.
Iuli. How cameſt thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kiſmen find thee here.
Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch theſe walls,
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iu. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Ro. Alack there lies more peril in thine eye,
Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie.
Iuli. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frõ their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylar, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſheth with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe.
Iu. Thou knoweſt the mask of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farwell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe at louers periuries.
They ſay *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world,
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt think my behauior light,
But truſt me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue bene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouerheardſt ere I was ware,
My truloue paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Ro. Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe frute tree tops.
Iu. O ſwear not by the moone th'inconſtant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

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Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
Ro. What shall I sweare by?
Iu. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduisd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?
Iuli. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Would'st thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By

By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times goodnight.
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet *againe.*

Iuli. Hist *Romeo* hist, ô for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Tassel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweete, sound louers tongues by night,
Like softest musicke to attending eares.
Iu. Romeo.
Ro. My Neece.
Iu. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iu. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Iu. I shall forget to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,

That

That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted gives,
And with a silken threed, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his libertie.
Ro. I would I were thy bird.
Iu. Sweete so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleep dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest.
The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,
And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the sun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I must vpfill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
We sucking on her naturall bosome finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true qualities:

For

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor ought so good but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted, staies all sences with the hart.
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
Ro. Goodmorrow father.
Fri. Benedicitie.
What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemprature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.
Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline*?
Ro. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.
Fri. Thats my good son, but wher hast thou bin then?
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue bene feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:

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Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.
Ro. Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Frauncis* what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken? yonng mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in waste,
To season loue, that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no strength in men.
Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badst me burie loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in an other out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O she knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one respect ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happie proue,
To turne your houshold rancor to pure loue.
Ro. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.
Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

II.iv.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline*, Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tibalt, the kisman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a leter to his fathers house.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answere it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben. Nay, he wil answere the letters maister how he dares, being dared.
Mercu. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tybalt*?
Ro. Why what is *Tybalt*?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements: he fights as you sing prickesong, keeps time, distance & proportion, he rests, his minum rests, one two, and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a silke button, a dualist a dualist, a gentleman of the very first house of the

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first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamẽtable thing graundsir, that we should be thus afflicted with these straunge flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your French slop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly last night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours, constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Ro. A most curtuous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, soly singular.

Ro. O

Ro. O single soled ieast, solie singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurres, or ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the wildgoose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the goose?

Ro. Thou wast neuer with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieast.

Rom. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not then well seru'd in to a sweete goose?

Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee farre and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a great natural that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd; I would haue made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurse and her man.* A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two two, a shert and a smocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

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Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.
Nur. Is it good den?
Mer. Tis no leſſe I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal, is now vpon the prick of noone.
Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?
Ro. One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.
Nur. By my troth it is well ſaid, for himſelfe to mar quoth'a? Gētleme cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?
Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.
Nur. You ſay well.
Mer. Yea is the worſt wel, very wel took, i faith, wiſely, wiſely.
Nur. If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.
Ben. She will endite him to ſome ſupper.
Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.
Ro. What haſt thou found?
Mer. No hare ſir, vnleſſe a hare ſir in a lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.
An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in lent.
But a hare that is hore, is too much for a ſcore, when it hores ere it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.
Ro. I will follow you.
Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady:
Exeunt.
Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie?
Ro. A gentleman Nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then hee will ſtand too in a moneth.
Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him downe, and a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muſt ſtand

ſtand by too and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe me at his pleaſure.
Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as an other man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarel, & the law on my ſide.
Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruie knaue: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kind of behauior as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.
Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſſe, I proteſt vnto thee.
Nur. Good heart, and y faith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.
Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou dooeſt not marke me?
Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you do proteſt, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.
Ro. Bid her deuiſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon,
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Be ſhrieued and married: here is for thy paines.
Nur. No truly ſir not a penny.
Ro. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.
Nur. This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.
Ro. And ſtay good Nurſe behinde the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled ſtayre,
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel, commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.

Nur. Now

Nur. Now God in heauen b'esse thee, harke you sir.
Ro. What saist thou my deare Nurse?
Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keep counsell putting one away.
Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.
Nur. Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but she good soule had as leeue see a tode, a very tode as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say so, she lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world, doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?
Ro. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.
Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.
Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. Ia thousand times *Peter*.
Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my sweete loue.
M. And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, slowe, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, ô hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.
Nur. Peter stay at the gate.
Iu. Now good sweete *Nurse*, O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes be sad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.
Nur. I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I?
Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.
Nur. Iesu what haste, can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doest excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?
Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choyse, you know not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but ile warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, serue God. What haue you dinde at home?
Iu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What sayes he of our marriage, what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.

My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Beshrewe your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.
Iu. I faith I am sorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, wher should she be?
How odly thou repliest:
Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
Iu. Heres such a coyle, come what saies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There stayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Must climbe a birds neast soone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues, as tardie as too slowe.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A louer may bestride the gossamours,
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.
Iu. Good euen to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. *Romeo* shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
Iu. As much to him, else is his thankes too much.
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich musicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

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III.i.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot daies, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, we should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes: what eye, but such an eye wold spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou hast quareld with a man for coffing in the streete, because hee hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter, with another for tying his new shooes with olde riband, and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, ô simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

III.i.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with something, make it a word and a blowe.

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you wil giue me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou consortest with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd sir if he weare your liuerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tybalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I neuer iniuried thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

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Alla stucatho carries it away,
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?
Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?
M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse me hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your sword out of his pitcher by the eares? make haste, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.
Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come sir, your Passado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tybalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath
Forbid this bandying in *Verona* streetes,
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houses, I am sped,
Is he gone and hath nothing.
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marrie tis inough,
Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.
Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.
Ro. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses.
They haue made wormes meate of me,
I haue it, and soundly, to your houses. *Exit.*

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With *Tybalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete *Iuliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.
Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depēd,
This but begins, the wo others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen, respectiue lenitie,
And fier and furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.
Ty. Thou wretched boy that didst cōsort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This shall determine that.

They Fight. Tibalt *falles.*

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. O

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that mutherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.
Citi. Vp ſir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kiſman, braue *Mercutio*.
Capu. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kiſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. *Tybalt* here ſlain, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,

His

His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneath whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Ca. Wi. He is a kiſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice which thou Prince muſt giue:
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exit.

III.ii.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed ſteedes,

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Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a wagoner
As *Phaetan* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of ſtainleſſe maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till ſtrange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
Whiter then new ſnow vpon a Rauens backe:
Cõme gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh Sun.
O I haue bought the manſion of a loue,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioyd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurſe:

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings newes, and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I,

Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iu. Ay me what news? why doſt thou wring thy hãds?
Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*?
Iu. What diuell art thou that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be rored in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I:
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Brieſe, ſounds, determine my weale or wo.
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloudie piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iu. O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth too earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beare.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt*, honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone?

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Nur. *Tybalt* is gone and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kild him he is banished.
Iuli. O God, did *Romeos* hand shead *Tibalts* blood?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer draggon keepe so faire a Caue?
Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous douefeatherd rauē, woluishrauening lamb,
Despised substance of diuinest showe:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimme saint, an honourable villaine:
O nature what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend,
In mortall paradise of such sweete flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? ô that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgious Pallace.
Nur. Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iu. Blisterd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersal earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?
Nur. Wil you speak wel of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue shal smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue slaine,
And *Tybalts* dead that would haue slain my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some word there was, worser then *Tybalts* death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it presses to my memorie,
Like damned guiltie deeds to sinners mindes,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a reareward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is banished: to speake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother Nurse?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* course,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Iu. Wash they his wounds with teares? mine shall be
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment. (spent,
Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exilde:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cordes, come Nurse, ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

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Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

III.iii. *Enter Frier and* Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is blanisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistermd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin, ô rude vnthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This

This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.
Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,
And litle mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,
And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me: Banished?
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sin obsoluer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?
Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake.
Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
Ro. Yet banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I see, that mad man haue no eares.
Ro. How should they when that wise men haue no eyes.

Fri. Let

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake,
Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurse, and knocke.
Fri. Arise one knokks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.
Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of hartsicke grones,
Myst-like infold me from the search of eyes.
They knocke.
Fri. Hark how they knock (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp.
Slud knock.
Run to my studie by and by, Gods will
What simplenes is this? I come, I come.
Knocke.
Who knocks so hard? whēce come you? whats your will?
Enter Nurse.
Nur. Let me come in, and you shal know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo?*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?
Rom. Nurse.
Nur. Ah

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
Ro. Spakest thou of *Iuliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staind the childhood of our ioy,
With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreasonable furie of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ilbeseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer aboundst in all:
And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
Which shou'd bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,

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Digreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of bleſſings light vpon thy backe.
Happines courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaued and ſullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou wentſt forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauie ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & here ſtands al your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguiſe from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

III.iv.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely
And ſo did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, ſheele not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

Paris. Theſe times of wo affoord no times to woo:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhees mewed vp to her heauines.

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rulde
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my ſonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me? on wendſday next.
But ſoft, what day is this?

Pa. Monday my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendſday is too ſoone,
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her

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She shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?
Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.
Ca. Well get you gone, a Thursday be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the seuering cloudes in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.
Iu. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.
Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the the morning: eye,

Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes do beate
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule? lets talke it is not day.
Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.
Iu. Nurse.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is cũming to your chãber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Iuli. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.
Iu. Art thou gone so loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
Iu. O thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweete discourses in our times to come.

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Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.
Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who is't that calls? It is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
What vnaccustomd cause procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Iuliet*?
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
Therfore haue done, some griefe shews much of loue,
But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
La. Wel gyrle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.
Iu. What villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God padon, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

La. That

La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.
Iu. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Iu. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,
Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him.
Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in such a needie time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
M. Well, well, thou hast a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that?
M. Marrie my child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo:

I pray

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.
M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet *and Nurse.*
Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in teares
Euermore showring in one litle body?
Thou counterfaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouerset
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she giue you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How, how, how how, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud mistresse minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out you greene sickenesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iu. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen blesse her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.
Fa. And why my Lady wisdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence smatter, with your gossips go.
Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one speake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

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But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, ile not be forſworne.
Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie ſitting in the cloudes
That ſees into the bottome of my greefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.
Exit.

Iu. O God, ô Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counſaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſayſt thou, haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is baniſhed and all the world to (nothing,
That he dares nere come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romios a diſhclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quick, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very hart,

I thinke you are happie in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt, or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vſe of him.
Iu. Speakſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too, elſe beſhrew them both.
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well thou haſt comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſ'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confeſsion, and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done.
Iu. Auncient damnation, ô moſt wicked fiend,
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die.
Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir: the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlacke his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir, her father counts it daungerous
That ſhe do giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone
May be put from her by ſocietie.

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Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.
Iu. What must be shall be.
Fri. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Iu. To answere that, I should confesse to you.
Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confesse to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.
Iu. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore soule thy face is much abusde with tears.
Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their spight.
Pa. Thou wrongst it more then tears with that report.
Iu. That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandred it.
Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
Fri. My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now,
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit.

Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past help.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.
Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me, how I may preuent it:
If in thy wisedome thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife ile helpe it presently.
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to an other, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienst time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.
Fri. Hold daughter, I do spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coapst with death, himselfe to scape from it:
And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel house,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens rattling bones,
With reekie shanks and yealow chapels sculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his,

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Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweete loue.
Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wendsday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse but surcease,
No warmth, no breast shall testifie thou liuest,
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:
Too many ashes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our countrie is,
In thy best robes vncouered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shall be borne to that same auncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, an he and I
Will watch thy walking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolue, ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. (*Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, *Mother, Nurse, and Seruing men, two or three.* IV.ii.

Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.
Capu. How canst thou trie them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time:
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfewieldhar lottry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merie looke.
Ca. How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition;
To you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you;
Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.
Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp,
This is aft should be, let me see the Countie:
I marrie go I say and fetch him hither. Now

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaymd.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet *and Nurse.*

Iu. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sin.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
Exeunt.
Iu. Farewell,

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what shou'd she do here?
My dismall sceane I needs must act alone.
Come Viol, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonourd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt:
Shall I not then be stiffled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Togither with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried auncestors are packt,
Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shroude, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, spirits resort:
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad:
O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

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And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desprate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: stay *Tybalt*, stay?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

IV.iv.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold take these keies & fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cock hath crowed.
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you cot-quane go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for lesser cause, and nere bene sicke.
La. I you haue bene a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs, and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neare.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?

Enter

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste.
Make haste, the bridgroome, he is come already, make hast I say.
Nur. Mistris, what mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweete heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe:
I needs must wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What dresst, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.
Mo. What noise is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day!
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shees dead: deceast, shees dead, alack the day.
M. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
Fa. Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,
Her bloud is setled, and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene separated,
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost,
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

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Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!
Fa. Death that hath tane her hẽce to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.
Enter Frier and the Countie.
Fri. Come,is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.
O sonne,the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife,there she lies,
Flower as she was,deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law,death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded.I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing,all is deaths.
Par. Haue I thought loue to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?
Mo. Accurst,vnhappie,wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one,one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.
Nur. O wo,O wofull,wofull,wofull day,
Most lamentable day,most wofull day
That euer, euer,I did yet behold.
O day,O day,O day,O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day,O wofull day.
Par. Beguild,diuorced,wronged,spighted,slaine,
Most detestable death,by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue,O life,not life,but loue in death.
Fat. Despisde distressed,hated,martird,kild,
Vncomfortable time,why camst thou now,
To murther,murther, our solemnities?
O childe,O childe,my soule and not my childe,
Dead art thou,alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace

Fri. Peace ho for shame,confusions care liues not,
In these confusions heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire maide,now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
The most you sought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduanst,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the Cloudes,as high as heauen it selfe.
O in this loue,you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad,seeing that she is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But shees best married,that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares,and stick your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse,and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reasons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained festiuall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall feast:
Our solemne himnes to sullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
Our bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. Sir go you in,and Madam go with him,
And go sir *Paris*,euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill:
Moue them no more,by crossing their high wil.
Exeunt manet.

Musi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honest goodfellowes,ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know,this is a pitifull case.
Fid. I my my troath,the case may be amended,
Exit omnes.
Enter

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Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts ease.
Fidler. Why harts ease?
Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is full:
O play me some merie dump to comfort me.
Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Peter. You will not then?
Minst. No.
Peter. I will then giue it you soundly.
Minst. What will you giue vs?
Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.
Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.
Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your pate.
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa
You, do you note me?
Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.
2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.
Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my yron dagger.
Answere me like men.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with her siluer sound.
Why siluer sound, why musique, with her siluer sound, what say you Simon Catling?
Minst. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.
Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?
2. *M.* I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.
Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames sound post?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.
Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the singer.
I will say for you, it is musique with her siluer sound,
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musique with her siluer sound with speedy help doth lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst.

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this same?
M. 2. Hang him Iack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe possest
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well:
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
Man. Then she is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office sir.
Rom. Is it in so? then I denie you starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.
Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some misaduenture.
Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit.

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, I le be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an Appothacarie,
And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater stuft, and other skins,
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Appothecarie.
Appo. Who calls so lowd?
Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore.
Hold, there is forty duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will dispearse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharged of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And feares to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Poti. My pouertie, but not my will consents.
Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.
Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twentie men, it would dispatch you straight.
Ro. There is thy Gold, worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore cõpounds that thou maiest not sell,
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there must I vse thee.
Exeunt.

V.ii.

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.
Ioh. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, brother, ho.
Enter Lawrence.
Law. This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house,
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

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Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo?*
John. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger: Frier *John* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.
John. Brother ile go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*
Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, closde in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.
Pa. I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares distild by mones,
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe:
Nightly

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.
Whistle Boy.
The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What cursed foote wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heares't or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous dost returne to prie
In what I farther shall intend to doo,
By heauen I will teare thee loynt by loynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.
Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble ye.
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this same, ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in despight ile cram thee with more foode.
Pa. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my loues Cozin, with which greefe,

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It is supposed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a desprate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armde against my selfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke,
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
Thou art not conquerd, bewties ensigne yet
Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyest thou there in thy bloudie sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Apothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres,
From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateles bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy seasick weary barke:
Heeres to my Loue, O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

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Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my speede, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?
Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Frier. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles: as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Man. It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maiſter, one that you (loue.
Frier. Who is it?
Man. *Romeo.*
Frier. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Frier. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not ſir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnthriftie thing.
Man. As I did ſleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my maiſter ſlew him.
Frier. *Romeo.*
Alack alack, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maiſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirres.
Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Frier. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt

Of

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
Come go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.
Exit.

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
Whats heere? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?
Poiſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end:
O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happlie ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.
Enter Boy and Watch.
Watch. Leade boy, which way.
Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me dye.
Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloudie, ſearch about the Churchyard.
Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull ſight, heere lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.
Enter Romeos man.
Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chief. watch. Hold him in ſafetie till the Prince come hither.
Enter Frier, and another Watchman.
3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes,

We

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards ſide.
Chief watch. A great ſuſpition, ſtay the Frier too too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What miſaduenture is ſo early vp,
That calls our perſon from our morning reſt?
Enter Capels,
Ca. What ſhould it be that is ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreet crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild. (comes.
Prin. Search, ſeeke & know how this foule murder
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Inſtruments vpon them, fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes.
Enter Capulet and his wife.
Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath miſtane, for loe his houſe (bleeds
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it miſſheathd in my daughters boſome.
Wife. O me, this ſight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a ſepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To ſee thy ſonne and heire, now earling downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath.
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?
Prin. Looke and thou ſhalt ſee.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,

And know their ſpring, their head, their true diſcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlaue to patience,
Bring foorth the parties of ſuſpition.
Frier. I am the greateſt able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther:
And heere I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excuſde.
Prin. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this?
Frier. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And ſhe there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomeſday, whoſe vntimely death
Baniſht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.
You to remoue that ſiege of griefe from her
Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuiſe ſome meane
To rid her from this ſecond mariage:
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo tutord by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtayed by accident, and yeſternight
Returnd my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

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Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not go with me:
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, & to the marriage her Nurse is priuie:
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest law.
Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Where's *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?
Balth. I brought my maister newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poste he came from *Mantua*,
To this same place. To this same monument
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raisd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maister in this place?
Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.
Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the tidings of her death,
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet, Mountague?*

See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of kinsmen, all are punisht.
Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demaund.
Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raie her statue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.
Capel. As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.
Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head:
Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.

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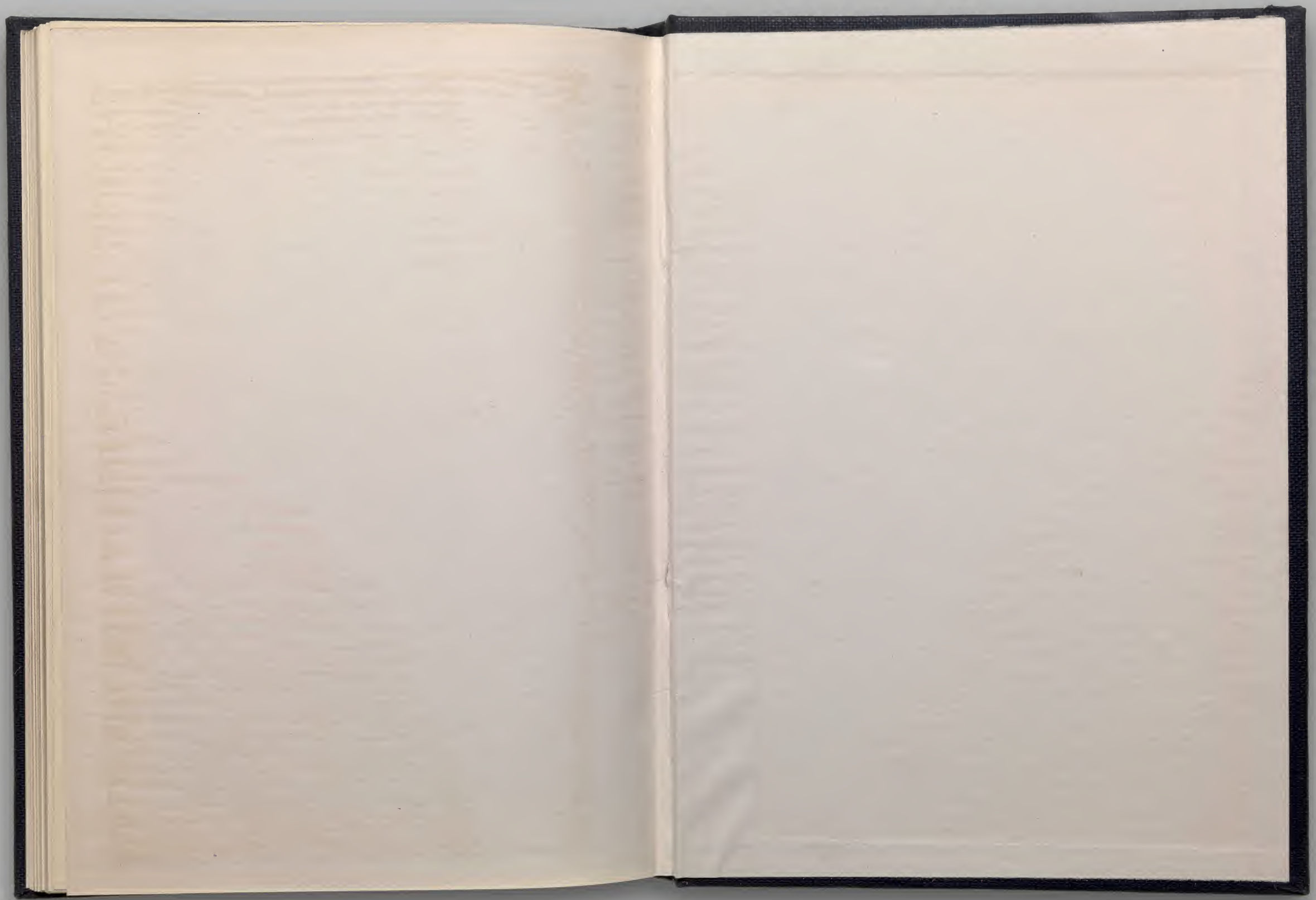

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